

# EBONY JR!

DECEMBER 1978

75¢



Holiday Happiness  
is Everywhere!



# December 1978



SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
					1 Rosa Parks refused to sit in the back of the bus, Montgomery, Ala., 1955.	2 Paul Laurence Dunbar published his first book of poetry, 1893.
3 The <i>North Star</i> newspaper founded by Frederick Douglass, 1847.	4 Black Panther leaders Mark Clark and Fred Hampton, killed in police raid in Chicago, 1969.	5 Montgomery, Ala. bus boycott led by Martin Luther King, Jr., began 1955.	6 Black explorer Jean Baptiste Pointe DuSable became first permanent settler of Chicago, 1790.	7 National holiday in Ivory Coast.	8 Jackie Robinson awarded Spingarn Medal, 1956.	9 Ralph Bunche, diplomat, died, 1972. Also, Tanzania Independence Day.
10 Martin Luther King, Jr., awarded Nobel Peace Prize, 1964. Also, Human Rights Day.	11 National holiday in Upper Volta. Also, Jermaine of Jackson 5 born, 1955.	12 Jomo Kenyatta became president of Kenya, 1964.	13 National Holiday in Malta. Also, Larry Doby, Cuban American team manager born, 1923.	14 Ethiopia declared war on Japan, Germany and Italy, 1942.	15 Maggie Lena Walker, first woman bank president in U.S. died, 1934.	16 Posadas, Mexican Christmas, begins.
17 Phyllis Mae Dailey became first Black nurse in Navy, 1945.	18 Thirteenth Amendment abolishing slavery ratified in 27 states, 1865.	19 First African Free School opened in N.Y. 1787.	20	21 First day of winter.	22	23
24 First radio broadcast in U.S. Also, Christmas Eve.	25 Christmas Day.	26 Kwanza begins. Also, Boxing Day in Curacao and Trinidad/Tobago.	27	28 Edward Brooke became first Black U.S. Senator, 1967. Also, Holy Innocents' Day in Haiti.	29	30
31						

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**COVER I: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL/BOTTOM PHOTO BY G. MARSHALL WILSON; ALL PHOTOS COURTESY UNICEF**

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# DAZE A Head

## A Long Sleep

You'd think I was crazy!  
You'd think I was hexed!  
I went to sleep one year,  
And woke up the next!  
What night was it?

—Eileen Cole

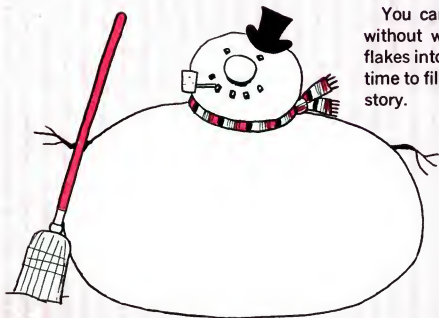
## Christmas Craze

What happens after gift-unwrapping on  
Noel?

—Ellis Stewart

## Changing "Snows" to "Brown"

You can make "snows" turn "brown"  
without waiting for the sun to melt the  
flakes into mud! Just change one letter at a  
time to fill in the missing words in this silly  
story.



When it \_\_\_\_\_ in our town  
everything \_\_\_\_\_ to a crawl.  
Often the wind \_\_\_\_\_, too, and the squirrels'  
tails get \_\_\_\_\_ into  
long \_\_\_\_\_ tangles.

—Linda Berry

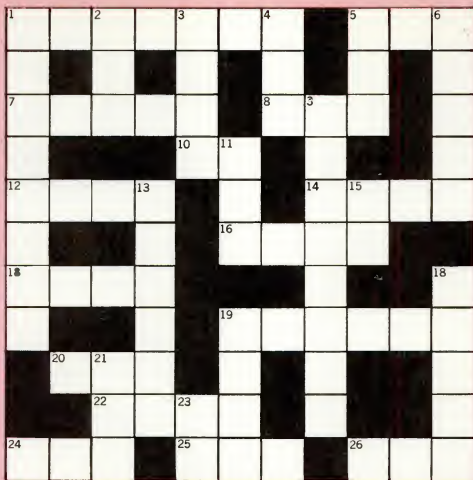
(Answers on page 47)



# Under the Christmas Tree

# Crossword Puzzle

by Anne Rowry Jones



## ACROSS

1. A gift for father
5. Tommy's gift was a baseball and a \_\_\_\_\_
7. Santa will \_\_\_\_\_ the presents in a sack
8. Grandmother made a \_\_\_\_\_ for my floor
10. Abbreviation for street
12. It sits on a table and gives light
14. Something to read
16. A place to swing or play ball
17. You wear this when it's cold
19. Paper money; this one has George Washington's picture
20. Something to wear on your head
22. Nikki's gift was a jump \_\_\_\_\_
24. We spread grape \_\_\_\_\_ on bread for Santa's snack
25. Khari got \_\_\_\_\_ supplies to color and paint with
26. Father got a shiny silver \_\_\_\_\_ to write with

## DOWN

1. Mother's gift was a beautiful pearl \_\_\_\_\_
2. Chad got a toy \_\_\_\_\_ with racing stripes
3. Children get these for Christmas
4. We gave our aunt a pair of \_\_\_\_\_ rings
5. We poured the popcorn in a brown paper \_\_\_\_\_
6. Little Billy got a toy dump \_\_\_\_\_
9. Something to keep raindrops from falling on your head
11. Baby brother got a spinning \_\_\_\_\_
13. Mother baked a sweet \_\_\_\_\_ pie for dessert
15. Abbreviation for okay
18. Michael's gift was an electric \_\_\_\_\_; "Choo-choo!"
19. Rudolph, the Red Nosed Rein \_\_\_\_\_
21. A part of your body
23. Grandma and Grand \_\_\_\_\_

(Answers on page 47)



Sunny and Honey

Dear EBONY JRS!

Well, it's that special holiday month of the year again –December! And this month we're going to celebrate some holidays with our friends from all over the world! We'll show you how Junkanoo is celebrated in the Bahamas and then we'll take you to Christmasland! You'll learn how to make some really special holiday treats by using our friends' recipes and crafts and you will receive your very own copy of the Kwanza Handbook! We've also added an extra 'December Delight' because the New Year will begin the festivities for the International Year of the Child. And you know we've got stories, games and puzzles for those cold, cold nights!

Next month, we'll be getting in shape as we salute the New Year with a toast to our health! So until then, have a merry holiday season!

Always your friends,

*Sunny and Honey*

# December's Delight

by Mildred D. Johnson

Art by Orville Hurt

What's in store for the month of December?  
Stories and games you'll want to remember,  
Things to make, ideas to share,  
There's a Christmasy feeling everywhere!

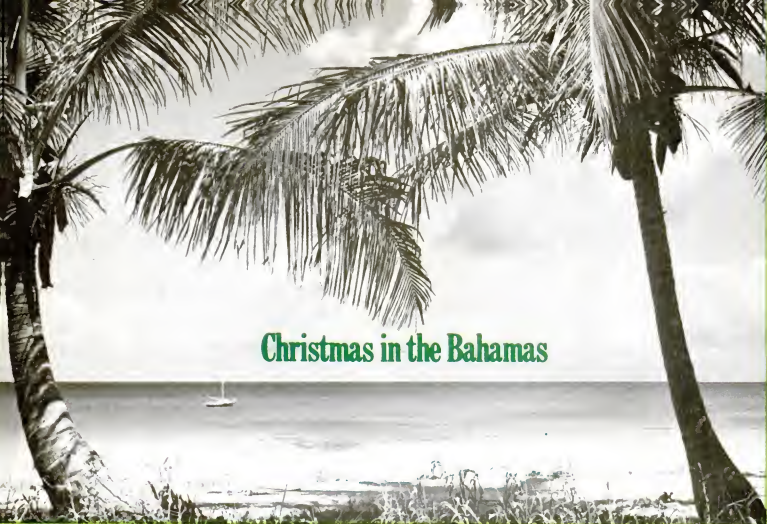
Kwanza, Junkanoo, exciting days,  
Fun and enjoyment in different ways,  
Just turn the pages and you will see,  
What a wonderful month this is going to be!



This One



0836-G80-RNLP



## Christmas in the Bahamas

*by Karen Odom Davenport*

Have you ever heard the TV commercial about the Bahamas? It shows a beach scene while someone says, "It's better in the Bahamas." Some people do think life is better in the Bahamas or at least vacationing is better in the Bahamas. Some people think Christmas is better in the Bahamas, too.

The Bahama Islands are a group of islands thought to be in the Caribbean. They are not really in the Caribbean though. They are actually in the Atlantic Ocean, located about 60 miles off the coast of Florida. There are about 700 islands in the Bahamas, but only about 14 of them are **inhabited**.

Lots of people go to the Bahamas for vacations, especially during the winter. It's warm all year 'round there. So, for example, when it's only 5° below zero in Chicago, the home of EBONY JRI, it's 75° in the Bahamas. That's one reason some people think Christmas is better in the Bahamas. (Of course, you can't be too sure. It snowed for the first time in the Bahamas in January, 1977 and surprised everyone.)

For people used to white Christmases with snow everywhere and wrapping up in warm clothing, it's hard to imagine Christmas by the ocean with palm trees swaying in the tropical breeze, and spending warm sunny days at the beach or playing tennis. (Of course if you live in southern California you might not have such a hard time imagining it.)

Another reason people like to spend the Christmas season in the Bahamas is because it's fun. Bahamians exchange gifts on Christmas like we do in the United States but the real highlight of the Christmas season is the Junkanoo Parade the day after Christmas. Would you like to go to the Bahamas this Christmas? If so, let's go. We can't hop on a plane, but we can take an imaginary trip to the islands. Before we go, you'd better check and make sure you have everything you'll need—a swim suit for the beach, a straw hat to keep cool under the sun and a whole bunch of imagination to see Christmas in the Bahamas!

Close your eyes (you'd better keep them open until you finish reading this



sentence so you'll know what to think about when your eyes are closed) and pretend you're in sunny Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas.

There is a lot of hustle and bustle. Everyone is busy, running here and there. You have to be careful; if you get in the way, you just might get run over. What's going on? Why is everyone so excited?

It's December 26, the day Bahamians look forward to each year, the day of the Junkanoo parade. It's a fun and exciting time for everyone. The Junkanoo parade is like a street festival. Everyone, from very young children to grandparents, dance down Bay Street, the main street in Nassau. There's plenty of food and merrymaking all night long. That's right. Junkanoo goes on from very late at night until about 9 in the morning. Just think! When 4 a.m. rolls around, you can stay up and no one will tell you to go to bed. To some kids, that's the best part of Junkanoo.

There are so many things to do to prepare for Junkanoo. For one thing,

costumes have to be made. No one goes to Junkanoo without one. The costumes can be as wild and colorful as you like, but you must wear a mask—that is one of the **traditions** of Junkanoo. The festival is supposed to be mysterious since it takes place at night.

Besides the costumes, instruments have to be made. People make all kinds of instruments like goat-skin drums, whistles, cowbells and other homemade instruments.

Finally, the food has to be cooked. At Christmastime everyone looks forward to special treats like stewed chicken, ham with cloves, banana bread, fruit cake and sweet bread with raisins, prunes, currants and coconut.

Christmas is a special time for eating in the Bahamas. Friends get together and go to each other's homes and eat and eat and eat and eat until they are so stuffed, they can hardly move.

After everything is prepared, the festivities can begin. It's time to forget about your troubles and have a great



*Anyone who is in a Junkanoo parade can bring along their homemade musical instruments!*



*In the Bahama Islands, Junkanoo is a night for everyone to sing, dance, wear masked costumes and have lots of fun!*

time. No one should try to sleep on the night of Junkanoo, not if you're used to peace and quiet while you sleep, that is. Because on the night of Junkanoo, it will be anything but peace and quiet. Everyone is singing, dancing, playing music and games because they are happy and enjoying each other. It's a joyous time in the Bahamas. It's like one great big party. The street gets so crowded, it looks like every single person in the Bahamas is there. And they just might be.

If you want to stay with a certain person, like your best friend or sister or brother, you'd better hold their hand, otherwise there's no telling when you will catch up with each other again if you get separated.

Everyone is sad, though, when the party is over, and they can't wait until the next Junkanoo parade. Luckily they don't have to wait too long. The next Junkanoo parade is on New Year's Day. It's even bigger and better!

**in•hab•it** = to live in or on  
**tra•di•tion** = beliefs or customs passed  
down from parents to their children

# The Lopsided Angel

by Margaret Buell Allen

Art by Orville Hurt



Gabby was a little angel who loved to fly. He had two beautiful wings and a shiny gold halo, and when he flew he looked like a falling star. Gabby's name was really Gabriel, like his father who was a most important and wonderful angel. When big Gabriel blew his horn everyone listened. Every day Gabby and his friends, Cherry Bim and Sara Fim would play games—tag, hide and seek around the storm clouds, sliding games down the moonbeams and diving games into the Big Dipper.

When it was time to come in from playing, Gabby's mother would play a soft chord on her harp. But sometimes he flew so far he couldn't hear it. Then his father made a loud toot on his trumpet. Gabby always heard that and flew home so fast he looked like a streak of lightning. He was afraid his Uncle Peter would close the gates before he got there.

One day his mother said, "Be very careful, Gabby, not to bother the dog star.

He is very old, at least a million years old, and his tails are stiff and sore and it makes him cross." Gabby felt sorry for the dog star and promised not to bother him.

But one day he and Cherry and Sara pretended the Milky Way was a snowy hill and took turns sliding down. They went faster and faster and Gabby went so fast he couldn't stop and went flying off with a terrible WHOOSH! And he landed on the tip of the dog star's northeast tail! The dog star was frightened and wheeled around whacking wildly with all five tails. He hit Gabby's left wing so hard he broke it off!

Poor Gabby. How could he fly with one wing? How could a lopsided angel have any fun? Just then the chord from his mother's harp sounded, but he didn't budge from the soft cloud where he was lying. How could he with only one wing? Then he heard the deep toot of the trumpet. He had to do something or



Uncle Peter would close the gate for sure. So he gave a big jump and flapped his one wing hard. What a funny feeling! He was turning cartwheels, going head over heels, and finally he reached home just as Uncle Peter was swinging the golden gate shut. He was very sad to have his mother and especially his father see that he was a lopsided angel with only one wing.

Gabby's parents felt sad indeed. His mother said, "Now you will never be a page at the Golden Throne."

His father said, "Now you will never be able to perform in the Christmas pageant."

Then Gabby said, "But I could play the trumpet with one wing, father."

His father smiled and said, "So you could. We'll have our first lesson tomorrow."

Though Gabby could fly like a wheel and he had learned to make thunder on his father's trumpet he didn't like being a lopsided angel. He was sad because he was different from all the other angels. But one day something strange happened.

He was very tired after spinning all morning and lay down for a rest. All of a sudden there was a bang and a cloud of smoke and a queer looking thing had landed on the moon! Gabby was scared and tried to hide, but when everything was quiet he peeked over the edge of his cloud and called bravely, "Hey, are you all right?"

"I think so," the thing said, "just a little airsick. I'll be all right in a minute."

"My name's Gabby," the little angel said politely. "Are you an angel?"

"I'm Whiz Bang, the rocket," the thing replied. "What's an angel?"

"I'm one," Gabby said.

"You look funny," Whiz Bang said rudely.

"I had an accident," Gabby explained sadly.

Whiz Bang said, "Is that why you haven't any nose or any tail?"

"I do have a nose," said Gabby,

pointing to it, "and angels don't have tails. Only dev—" Oh, oh—that was a word he wasn't supposed to say.

"Your nose is as flat as a tail fin," Whiz Bang said.

"Yours is as long as a comet," Gabby said, and they both laughed.

"What are you doing way up here?" Gabby asked.

"Oh, I have to take pictures and find out temperatures and things like that," Whiz Bang said.

"Will you stay forever?"

"No, I'll be called home when I finish the job," Whiz Bang answered.

Just then Gabby heard the gentle music of his mother calling, and said, "I have to go now, but I'll be back tomorrow." He hated to have Whiz Bang see him flying in circles, but it was quite exciting to have a new friend.

The next day Whiz Bang said, "I've seen angels like you before, only their propeller is on top instead of on the side."

"This isn't a propeller, it's a wing," Gabby said, and he explained about his accident with the dog star.

Whiz Bang said, "Why not make it a propeller?"

"None of the other angels—" Gabby began.

"What difference does that make?"

Whiz Bang interrupted. "You are a new model angel, just like I'm a new model rocket. You could be a helicopter angel."

"A hel—" Gabby stopped in confusion because that was another word he wasn't supposed to say. Then he said, "A 'copter angel—what's that?"

"You can fly straight up, but you can fly down, too. Maybe you can even fly backwards."

That sounded wonderful to Gabby. No angel he knew could do that, even his father Gabriel. Maybe he wouldn't mind being a lopsided angel after all.

That very day he had his first lesson. He ducked his head and stretched his wing straight back and spun it fast. Then he gave a big jump and popped up in the air like a Jack-in-the-box.





"Guide yourself with your feet," yelled Whiz Bang. "Now level off."

When he leveled off to fly forward he lay flat in the air and kept his propeller spinning as before.

"Fine," called Whiz Bang, "now reverse."

Whee! What fun it was to fly backwards. Wouldn't Cherry and Sara wish they could do it! Gabby liked being a new model angel very much. But nobody else knew about Whiz Bang. It was a big secret.

The day of the Christmas pageant was the big event of the year. Everyone wanted to be in it. The angel choir sang as they did on that first Christmas. Gabby's father played his most exciting thunder on his trumpet, and his mother played carols on her harp. Cherry and Sara danced a lovely moonbeam ballet, and the constellations sparkled in a rainbow of color.

Everyone felt sad because they thought Gabby couldn't put on his usual flying spectacular, but that's when he fooled them.

The other acts were all over when Gabby appeared. His friend, the littlest star, had agreed to ride on the tip of his wing. Then Gabby did his act. He flew straight up and straight down like a streak of lightning, backwards and forward and in circles and spins. It was like beautiful fireworks.

Everyone cheered and asked him how he had learned such wonderful things. So he told them about Whiz Bang. His mother and father cheered most of all.

The day came when Whiz Bang would be leaving. Everybody came to say goodbye and as Whiz Bang blasted off, Gabby gave a loud toot on his father's trumpet.

Afterward Sara said, "He surely was a queer looking thing."

And Cherry said, "Did you ever see such a nose, and that funny tail!"

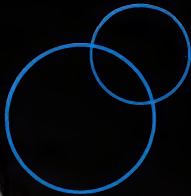
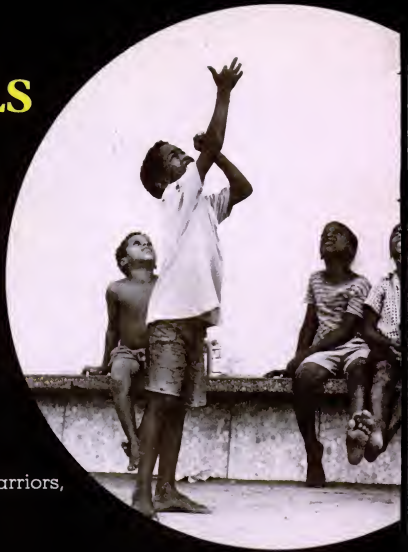
But Gabby said, "No, he isn't queer. He is just different—a new model."

And Gabby knew he didn't mind being a lopsided angel. He was just a new model 'copter angel who could do some things ordinary angels could never do, even wonderful angels like Gabriel himself.

# BLACK PEARLS

by Ethel F. Smothers

Children from my bosom,  
Of my heritage,  
Of rare **ancestral** seed;  
Black pearls:  
Children of **swarthy** skin,  
Corn-rowed hair  
And fuzzy fros  
With full **persimmon** lips  
And spreading nose,  
Children from my bosom,  
Of my heritage,  
Of rare **ancestral** seed;  
Of African kings and proud warriors,  
Of statesmen and educators,  
Of peacemakers and poets;  
Children like licorice—  
Dark and sweet.



**persim•mon** = a berry color

**an•ces•tral** = coming from people descended from you



swarthy = a dark color

# A Bill of Rights

by Mary C. Lewis

During the American Revolutionary War, people like Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin felt it would be very important for Americans to have a Bill of Rights that would **guarantee** such things as the right to a fair trial, and the right to vote. They were quite right, because a **document** such as a Bill of Rights can be something written for all to see and lead their lives by. Here is a Bill of Rights written just for you, which you can read and follow all year through!

You have the right to **Courage**,  
For strength you'll really need;  
To keep your mind and body active,  
And a long life to lead.



You have the right to **Intelligence**,  
Reading, writing and counting, too;  
You're never a fool to stay in school,  
Get smart—your mind is a tool.



You have the right to **Love**,  
Be nice to everyone you see;  
It feels so good inside and yet  
It costs you nothing—it's free.



Photo/Ed Carlin

You have the right to **Happiness**,  
Being happy is really great;  
So keep that smile upon your face,  
Do it now—it's never too late.



You have the right to **Dream**,  
For dreams tickle your mind;  
They give you an extra push towards  
All your future life might find.



Photo/Ed Carlin

You have the right to **Excellence**,  
So try hard to be the best;  
Whatever you do should mean a lot to you,  
It should be better than all the rest.



You have the right to **Newness**,  
A new way to open life's doors;  
You're holding the key right in your hand,  
Because the world will soon be yours!

**guarantee** = to make sure  
**document** = a written statement that  
gives proof and information



Photo/Ed Carlin

You have the right to **Roots**,  
Because you weren't the first on earth;  
There were many folks before you who came,  
And they all are of great worth.



# PHONICS with the LOONICANS.

Did you know that there must be at least one vowel in every word? A, E, I, O, U and sometimes Y are the busiest letters in the alphabet. The names of your favorite holidays are listed below. Find out what they are by putting the right consonants in the blanks.

1. I \_ \_ E \_ E \_ \_ E \_ \_ E \_ AY
2. \_ \_ \_ I \_ \_ \_ A
3. \_ \_ A \_ \_ \_ I \_ I \_ \_
4. EA \_ \_ E \_
5. \_ A \_ E \_ \_ I \_ E \_ \_ AY
6. \_ E \_ \_ EA \_ \_ \_ AY
7. \_ A \_ O \_ \_ AY
8. \_ O \_ U \_ \_ U \_ \_ AY
9. \_ E \_ O \_ IA \_ \_ AY
10. \_ A \_ \_ O \_ EE \_

Rolly, polly Mr. Bo,  
He can't run and he can't grow,  
He likes his pipe  
But he never smokes,  
He's always smiling  
But he never tells jokes.

He loves his old hat  
And his scarf filled with holes,  
And though he's always freezing  
He never catches colds.

(Answers on page 47)



A friend to us 'cause  
He's always there,  
As a matter of fact  
He goes nowhere.  
Except when the sun shines  
Then he goes away,  
And waits for us to find him  
On another winter day.

# UNICEF is for You

by Mary C. Lewis

Photos/Courtesy UNICEF

*"Trick or treat!  
Trick or treat for UNICEF!"*

Did you say those words last Halloween? If you did, you probably carried a small orange box with you so people could give their nickels, dimes and quarters to a group called UNICEF. Those letters stand for United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, but what this group really stands for is CHILDREN!

In 1946, World War II had caused many children in Europe, Africa and Asia to be homeless, sick and without food. People knew that the war had been terrible for adults, but they knew it

had been worse for children. Food, clothing and medicine had to be given to these children right away, because many of them badly needed it. So the United Nations formed UNICEF.

For 32 years, UNICEF has continued to give food, water, medicine and classrooms to children in Asia, South America and Africa. The work of UNICEF has allowed many children to eat food even if crops fail; to drink safe clean water even if rivers dry up; and to still go to school even if a hurricane destroys their classrooms. But how does UNICEF



*Many of these South American children are going to the doctor for the first time in their lives, thanks to UNICEF.*





*The money you collect for UNICEF helps pay for teachers in classrooms like this one in Africa.*

do so much?

UNICEF needs everyone's help. That's why we go trick or treating for UNICEF at Halloween—to help raise the money needed to carry out all those plans. At Christmastime, we can help by buying holiday cards from UNICEF. Some of those cards are made by children from all over the world. Many of these children sent their artwork to UNICEF to say "thank you" for what UNICEF has done. UNICEF also sells calendars and children's books, but what UNICEF needs to succeed is volunteers. Volunteers are people who help without asking to be paid for their time. You are a volunteer when you trick or treat for UNICEF, or buy a book written for UNICEF. Volunteers are very important people, because without their help, UNICEF wouldn't be able to help all the children in the world.

There are more than a billion children in the world today, and all of you have one big group you can call your own: UNICEF. Next Halloween which is now called National UNICEF Day, you'll really know what it means to trick or treat for UNICEF!



*This doctor, mother and child in Senegal are all thankful for UNICEF.*

# Sunny and Honey<sup>®</sup>

By Buck Brown



Soon it will be the International Year of the Child,



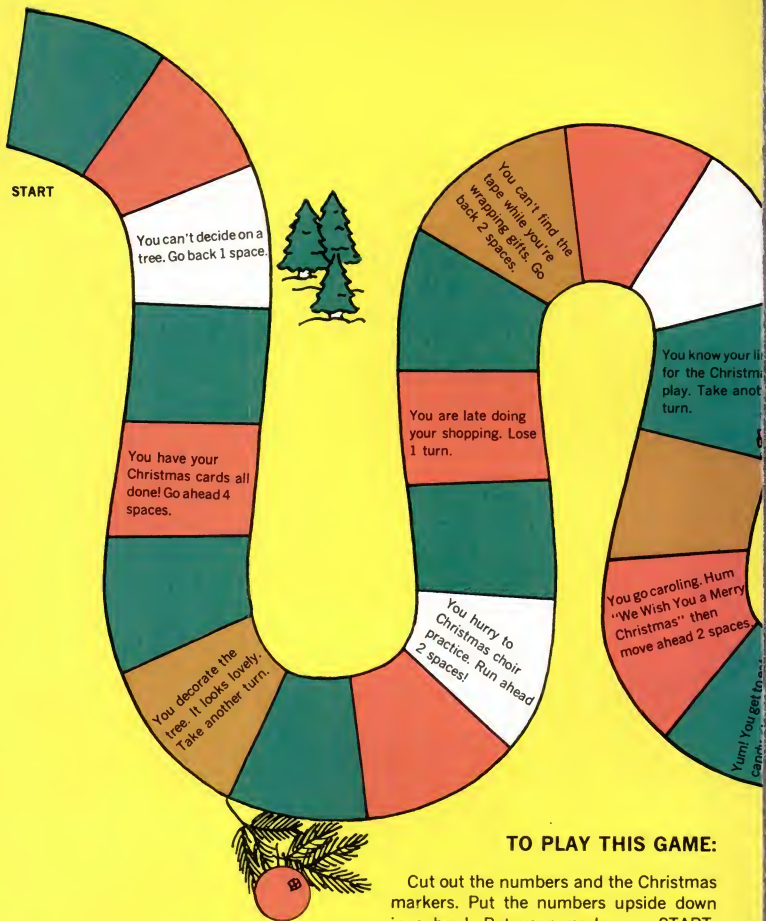
There'll be big celebrations and lots of things to do.



The purpose of all this is just to remind everyone



That children are people too!



## TO PLAY THIS GAME:

Cut out the numbers and the Christmas markers. Put the numbers upside down in a bowl. Put your marker on START. Each person picks a number out of the bowl and moves his or her marker that many spaces. Play the game this way until all the numbers are used. Then start a new pile of numbers in the bowl.

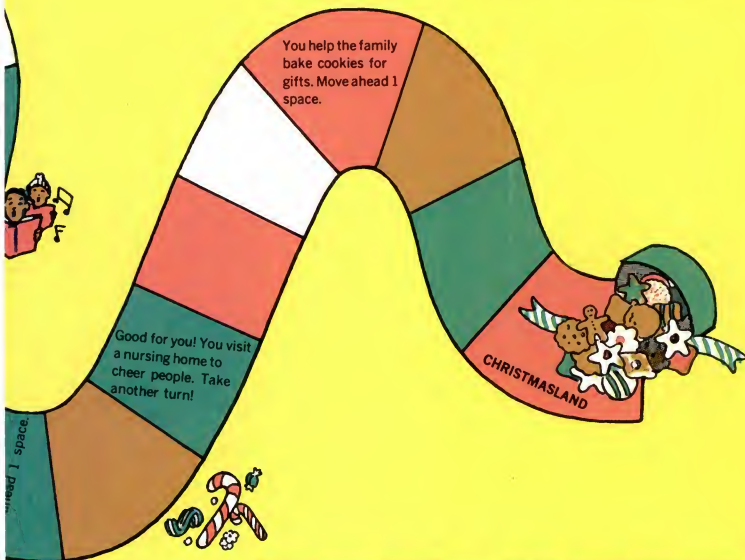
If you land on a Christmas message, read and follow the message. The first person to reach Christmasland is the winner. Have a merry time!

## Welcome to Christmasland!

### A game for 1 - 4 players

Would you like to go to Christmasland? It's a very special place filled with all kinds of treats for you. Just play this game, and take your friends to Christmasland, too!





1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4

# Tasty Tropical Treats

by Kanye Kenyatta Mugo

Art by Orville Hurt

These tasty tropical treats are made with fruits from countries where December is often the hottest time of the year. The next time you want to help your mother make a different party punch, or if you'd like to enjoy a different kind of popsicle, try these treats—they're delicious!

## Pineapple Sticks

### EQUIPMENT

mixing bowl  
measuring cups  
mixing spoons  
12 wooden popsicle sticks  
ice tray

### INGREDIENTS

1 cup pineapple juice  
3 cups cold water

## HOW TO MAKE:

1. Blend together the pineapple juice and cold water in the mixing bowl.
2. Place a popsicle stick inside each space of the ice tray. Lean the sticks at an angle.
3. Pour the juice and water mixture into the ice tray. Place in the freezer overnight, or until the mixture has frozen.
4. To make pineapple punch, follow step one. Then pour mixture into a large punch bowl, and stir in canned or fresh pineapple slices.



# Apples and Bananas

## EQUIPMENT

measuring cups • 6 paper cups  
6 wooden popsicle sticks • dinner knife  
6 paper circles to fit top of paper cup

## INGREDIENTS

3 cups apple juice • 2 bananas

## HOW TO MAKE:

1. Peel and slice the bananas. Push two or three slices onto each popsicle stick. (Use the center of the slice.)
2. Pour the apple juice into each paper cup, filling them almost to the top. Place a popsicle stick into each cup.
3. Punch a small hole into the center of each paper circle. Place the circle over the popsicle stick and push the circle down until it covers the top of the paper cup. Repeat this step until all the paper cups are covered.
4. Place paper cups in the freezer overnight, or until the mixture is frozen.
5. To make apple and banana punch, pour the apple juice into a large punch bowl. Add banana slices and stir. Sprinkle a little cinnamon over the mixture.



# METRIC MADNESS

by Karen Odom Davenport

Art by Sherman Beck

It's Christmas, one of the most fun seasons of the year. Look at the picture below. It's a gift-wrapping session on Christmas Eve. It looks more like a mess, though. But take a closer look. Hidden in the picture are eight items that you eat or use at Christmas. Can you find them? Each of the items can be measured metrically. Using the chart below, choose the unit of metric measurements that would best be used to measure each item.

## To Measure

weight

volume (liquids)

length, height

## Use

grams

liters

meters

Items to find:

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

5. \_\_\_\_\_

6. \_\_\_\_\_

7. \_\_\_\_\_

8. \_\_\_\_\_

(Answers on page 47)







# EBONY JR!

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

## EBONY JRS. SPEAK!

by Sharon Bell Mathis

WHAT DO THE  
CHRISTMAS/  
KWANZA HOLIDAYS  
MEAN TO YOU?



*Sherri Houston, 11*

You get lots of gifts on Christmas. Last year was my best Christmas. I got a blue and black bike. I fell off the second day I rode it!

I got a doll with long braids and she's dressed in a bonnet and dress—sort of like it was in 1776. I have ten dolls and one of them is weird. It's a doll with long legs and no arms. It has, "Do you love me or do you not?"

I wish I could do something like give a home to a needy child—a child who doesn't have a home to live in. If I could do anything I wanted in the whole world that's what I'd do.



*Rhonda Moore, 11:*

I like Christmas—I like to celebrate it and also look at the nice things I get.

I hope my grandmother, Mrs. Rose Brooks, can come and visit me here in Cleveland. My grandmother talks to me about school. I attend Iowa Maple School. My grandmother will probably stay a week. She lives in Mississippi and that's where I go to spend my summer vacations. I like Mississippi because it's hot and there's a lot of ground to play on. My grandmother has about five or six cows!



*Calvin Blair, 12:*

I don't know much about Kwanza, the African-American holiday but I do know about Christmas. I do the same thing every Christmas and that is I help to cook dinner. I try not to mess up too many dishes and pots so I don't have so much to clean up. I can make a cherry pie all by myself but my favorite pie to make is strawberry.

Christmas gives me a good feeling. One of the reasons is that I'm out of school for ten days.

I go to church every Christmas. I didn't go to church when I was nine years old, because my mother was in the hospital. I just stayed home and played!

**EBONY JR!** is glad to hear from you. Write to us at:

**EBONY JR!/SUNNY  
AND HONEY**

820 S. Michigan Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois 60605

# NEWS

BY EBONY JR! 56th EDITION



## An Enterprising Elementary School!

You've heard of Star Trek and the USS Enterprise? Well, in real life, there is the Space Shuttle Enterprise and now there's one more . . . Enterprise Elementary School!

In Woodbridge, Virginia, the student body named their school after the Space Shuttle Enterprise. They also named their hallways after astronauts and hung a picture of them in each hall. Curtis M. Graves, from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), came for the special naming and even brought an exhibit of the Space Shuttle with him, which will be on display at the school for the rest of the year! So if you think the only Enterprise is the one that flies in the sky, go check out Enterprise Elementary.

## Vegetable Soup II

What's "Vegetable Soup II?" Well it's not a new soup to eat but it is a new T.V. show. It started September 3rd, so you've been watching it every Sunday morning on your NBC station, right? You already know that it has different programs every week that tell you something special about being YOU, right? You also know about Outerscope II, that starts off each show with life-size puppets traveling in a spaceship and meeting children from all over the world, right? And you also know that "Vegetable Soup II" means that it takes a whole lot of different vegetables to make a good soup, so it takes a whole lot of different people to make a good world, right? Well, if you don't know all this, then you better start watching "Vegetable Soup II," 'cause it's mmmmm good!





by Andy Lamberti

Art by Buck Brown

"Say Dexter," Ernie said, looking down at the smaller boy's feet, "time to get a new pair of shoes."

"Yeah," John laughed, "or is that your new style? Cool with holes!"

Dexter said nothing to defend himself. He was used to being teased by the older boys. But even he couldn't ignore the worn out sneakers.

"I may be getting a new pair soon," he said. He knew Christmas wasn't far off.

"If there's another snowstorm, you better get a pair of chains for those shoes, Dexter."

"Chains?"

"For traction," the older boys laughed.

"Look, I'll see you guys tomorrow,"

Dexter said when they got to the corner.

Dexter leaned against a street lamp. His eyes followed the boys who seemed to dance down the street and disappear. He was happy the older kids let him into their group at the neighborhood gym. But because he was the youngest and the shortest, he seemed to be the natural target of teasing and joking. And his worn out sneakers just made it worse.

He lifted his foot to get a view of the shoe bottom. He saw his toe peeking out at him. And where there were no holes, the rubber was as thin as tissue paper.

The weather didn't help much either. Sometimes he'd slide on a patch of ice or feel the dampness seep into his shoes.



"Got to ask Mom and Dad," he mumbled to himself as he walked. "Got to ask them for a pair of new sneakers. I'll be able to play so much better. And won't have everybody, even the girls, laughing at me."

He stopped and looked in a shoe store window a few blocks from his apartment. Like all the other shops, the window was brightly decorated for Christmas with wreaths, garland and blinking lights. Dexter's eyes were drawn like magnets to a pair of fine, high top sneakers.

"Wow!" he gasped, his breath making a little cloud on the window. His small nose became flat as a pancake as he pushed up against the glass.

"That's what I call a pair of sneakers!" he said, studying the lines of the shoes. They stood like tall champions, surrounded by everyday shoes and slippers. "Yeah," he smiled. "If you have to be a shoe, being a sneaker is the best!"

They were official basketball shoes with long laces. The strong, thick canvas around the ankles was just what he needed. The low cut shoes he wore didn't have enough support for running and jumping. His eyes followed the dotted rubber from the back to the official colored stripe on the side of the shoe. There was a thick layer of rubber around the toe area, too. Dexter knew the only time his toes would come out would be when he took those sneakers off.

"I'd be a champ walking through the gym with those," he thought.

"Say Dexter," Ernie would probably say, "you rob a bank?"

"Your father win the lottery?"

Dexter would say nothing. He'd just saunter past them, take the ball and run and jump like no one in the history of the neighborhood gym.

But Dexter was quickly brought down to earth when he saw the price tag. "Eighteen dollars! Never saw money like that."

"Say! What do you want?" he heard a man ask. He looked up and saw a heavy set man dressed in a suit, standing in the doorway. He must be the owner, Dexter

thought.

"Well?" the man asked again.

"Just looking," Dexter said, stealing a last glimpse of the sneakers before leaving. "It's a free country," he muttered under his breath. "I can look if I want to."

After dinner that night, Dexter joined his father on the living room couch. His dad was a big man, with large beefy arms and strong hands.

"Say, dad?"

"Yes, son?" his father asked, smiling.

Dexter lifted his foot and showed him the bottom of his shoe.

"Looks like swiss cheese," his father laughed. It was a loud, hearty laugh that shook the couch. "You need a new pair."

"Saw a nice pair today," Dexter said.

"How much, son?"

Dexter looked down and said nothing. He was afraid to say it. His dad must have guessed it was a lot.

"Sure would like to walk around in good sneakers on Christmas," Dexter said softly.

"Dexter, you know you're a man and I'm a man, right?"

He nodded.

"We have to talk straight to each other, son. But don't forget, I can still whip you to a pulp."

"I know," Dexter laughed.

His father lowered his voice so no one but Dexter could hear. "Now, man to man, let's look at the facts. Your sister, Rosalyn, needs a new coat."

Dexter looked toward the kitchen where his sister and mother were doing the dishes.

"Now Dexter, what would it look like for your sister to be walking down the street in a worn out coat? You and me, why we can protect ourselves against the cold. But your sister's been sick. And you know how bad it gets with the wind whipping and the snow blowing."

"Yeah, I know."

"We got to see she keeps warm. So her coat has to come first."

Dexter agreed, but he was still disappointed.

"Tell you what, son. When Friday comes and we go looking for Rosalyn's coat, maybe we'll pick you up a pair of sneakers for the time being."

"Okay," Dexter said, knowing they wouldn't be as nice or handsome as the pair in the shoe store window.

On his way to school the next day, Dexter took the long way. He decided to walk by the shoe store and find out if that pair of fine sneakers still sat in the window.

The street was quiet and empty. The shopping area was usually that way until about nine thirty. When he got to the window, Dexter smiled, seeing the sneakers still on display.

"Back again?" he heard a man ask.

Turning, he saw the store owner reaching in his pocket for keys. After a last look at the window, Dexter was about to leave. But he stopped when he heard the man cry out in pain.

"You okay, Mister?" he asked, seeing the large man fall to his knees.

"Here," the man said, in a whisper. He handed Dexter the keys. "On the front seat of my car. That green one down the street. A bottle of pills. Hurry!"

Grabbing the keys, Dexter dashed like lightning down the block. He came to the car and unlocked the door. Grabbing the bottle of pills, he was about to zoom back. But instead, he ran straight into a policeman. The tall officer had a puzzled look on his face.

"And what do you think you're doing?"

Dexter had no time to explain. His short height and speed came in handy as he darted past the patrolman and ran.

"He's sick!" Dexter shouted back to the large officer who chased after him and slid on the snow.

By the time he got back to the store, the owner was white as a ghost. Taking the bottle and swallowing two pills he waited a few moments and his color returned. He took a long, deep breath and smiled.

"I hope you don't die, Mister."

"I'll be alright now," the owner said, standing and looking much better. "I just

have to rest a minute."

"It's good you happened along," the policeman said to Dexter. "You saved this man's life."

Dexter felt funny and awkward. He never saved anyone's life before.

"How can I repay you?" the store owner asked. He was reaching into his wallet. "What can I give you?"

Dexter didn't have to speak. His eyes lit up like a bright tree on Christmas morning. His small finger pointed to the pair of sneakers in the window.

"Fine," the owner said, smiling. "Let's go inside. I'll get a nice box for them too."

"If it's okay with you," Dexter said, his eyes still on the window, "I think I'll wear them."



*saun•ter = to walk in a slow relaxed way*

# A Handbook for Kwanza

by Barbara R. Thompson

Art by Alcine Perryman

Kwanza is an African-American holiday celebrated each year from December 26 through January 1. The holiday is based on traditional African harvest festivals. The word Kwanza means "first fruits" in the Swahili language. The first harvest was cause for thanksgiving, and Kwanza is a time for giving thanks and repeating our belief in our unity.

Kwanza is also a time for feasting, dancing, story telling and games.

## A Kwanza Collage

### You will need:

piece of white felt, 24 inches by 36 inches  
glue • scissors

scraps of felt, construction paper or fabric  
felt tip pens • pencil

### How to make:

1. Decide what kinds of pictures you want to use to describe each **principle**. You might want to use the pictures shown here, or you may use your own pictures. (You can even use pictures you see in magazines, which can be cut out and pasted on a piece of felt the same shape. If you use the pictures shown here, trace the design on a piece of felt, construction paper or fabric. Then cut out the picture.
2. Use a pencil to lightly trace the words on your collage, as shown here. Then use felt tip pens in different colors to print the words.
3. Glue the pictures you've chosen for each **principle**, next to the matching **principle**.

Festivities include the daily lighting of the mshumaa (m-shoo-MAH-ah) or candle. As the candle burns, each member of the family tells what they have done during the past year, and what they will do during the coming year to live by the **principles** of Kwanza.

Would you like to have a Kwanza celebration? Here are three activities that are fun for the whole family!

# KWANZA

UMOJA



KUJICHAGULAI



UJIMA



UJAMAA



NIA



KUUMBA



IMANI



**UMOJA** (oo-MOH-jah) Unity: working together for the good of all.

**KUJICHAGULIA** (koo-gee-CHA-goo-lee-ah) Self-determination: being free to make your own decisions.

**UJIMA** (oo-GEE-mah) Collective work: working to build the community together for each other.

**UJAMAA** (oo-jah-MAH-ah) Cooperative Economics: working to get and share things we need.

**NIA** (NEE-ah) Purpose: working together to be truly free.

**KUUMBA** (koo-OOM-bah) Creativity: learning to do all we can to leave our community more beautiful and great.

**IMANI** (ee-MAH-nee) Faith: believing in our goals.

## Make a Kinara

The kinara (ke-NAH-rah) or candleholder holds seven candles, and each candle stands for one of the seven **principles** of Kwanza. You can make your own kinara to use during Kwanza, or to give to a relative for the holiday season. Just follow these easy directions.

### EQUIPMENT:

mixing cups  
measuring spoons  
7 birthday candles  
pencil  
cookie sheet  
mixing spoon

### INGREDIENTS:

1 cup salt  
2 cups flour  
1 cup water  
bottle green food coloring  
2 tablespoons cooking oil



### HOW TO MAKE:

1. Mix together the salt, flour, water and a few drops of food coloring. **Knead** the mixture. Add a little more flour if the mixture is watery.
2. Form the dough into the shape you want for your kinara. Use your imagination—your kinara can be in the shape of a circle, a triangle, a square,

even a squiggle! Just make sure you have room for seven spaces. After your shape is formed, use a pencil to punch seven holes for the candles.

3. Bake the kinara in the oven at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. After baking, let it cool. Then add the candles. Your kinara is now ready to use!



## Yam Race

Kwanza is partly a holiday in honor of African harvest festivals. In Africa, one of the most important crops harvested is the yam crop. Try this yam race the next time you're looking for a different game to play. This race can be played indoors or outdoors, with as many people as you like.



### You will need:

- a small yam (or potato)
- a tablespoon

### How to play:

1. Decide on a starting line and a finish line.
2. Place the yam or potato on the starting line. Form a line, single file, behind the starting line. Give the first person in line the tablespoon.
3. To begin the race, the first person in line picks up the yam with the spoon,

carries it to the finish line and back. The yam is placed on the starting line again, and the spoon is given to the next player. If the yam is dropped, it may be picked up with the spoon and the game continued. The game ends when each person has had at least one turn.

**knead** = *to mix with your hands*

From *The Kwanza Handbook*, published 1977 by the Kwanza Celebrants. Reprinted by permission of the authors.

prin•ci•ple = *a belief*

# The Best Gift of All!

by Jan Lowery

Art by Sherman Beck

"Mommy, when is Daddy coming home? Sarah asked. "Will he be home before bedtime?"

"No, not tonight dear," her mother replied. "He has to work late again."

Sarah pouted and ran to her room.

Sarah's mother found her sweet daughter stretched out across her bed crying. Sarah was so young and precious to them both, but lately her husband had little time for family life. He was

working extra hard at this new job, and it always seemed like he was at work more than he was at home.

"Now, now Sarah," her mother began. "We both know Daddy's working very hard, especially for both of us. Christmas will be here soon and he wants to get you all the toys you want."

"I don't want any toys," Sarah snapped, and more tears started streaming down her face. "All I want is



my Daddy to love us again!"

Sarah cried until she fell asleep, and then her mother put her to bed. Christmas was a few days away and neither she nor Sarah had been shopping. "We'll go tomorrow," she thought to herself, "and even stop by to see Santa. Sarah will like that!"

That morning they got dressed, ate breakfast, and were soon on their way. Sarah was really excited. She couldn't wait to see all the store decorations. Best of all, she would see Santa, and she knew exactly what she wanted to ask about.

They entered a big department store and headed for the area marked "Santa's Village." They stood in a long line for what seemed like hours, and then it was Sarah's turn.

"Come here, little girl," Santa said.

Sarah jumped right in his lap and made herself comfortable, just like she used to do with her father. She looked at the jolly fat Santa and studied him very closely to make sure he was the real one. He had a snow white beard and moustache, a round pudgy nose, and a little mouth she could hardly see because of the beard. His fat stomach felt real enough, and his skin was as black as coal.

"Yep, this is the real one," she thought, and waited for him to ask that magic question. She looked at him eagerly as he asked,

"And now little girl, what can Santa bring you for Christmas?"

Without hesitation, Sarah said, "my Daddy!" Sarah's mother looked up in surprise, but she knew why Sarah had asked.

"Oh," said Santa. "You don't want a cute little doll or a playhouse?"

"No," Sarah said quickly. "I want my Daddy! He's always working late, and Mommy and I never see him anymore. Please Santa," she begged. "I've been awfully good, honest!" she said with tears in her eyes.

Then Santa whispered something in

Sarah's ear, and she began to smile. She hugged Santa's neck and he chuckled loudly and hugged her back.

"I wonder what's going on," her mother thought.

Sarah jumped off Santa's lap and just as her mother took her hand, Sarah said softly to Santa, "Don't forget—we've got a date!"

"What's going on with you and Santa?" her mother asked.

"Oh nothing," Sarah said, smiling to herself.

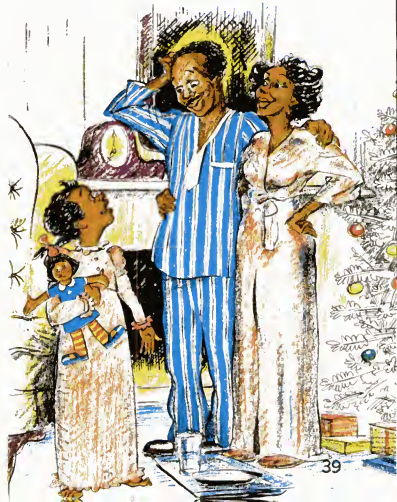
They went home and wrapped all their gifts. They had put up the aluminum tree earlier. It stood shining in their big living room window, full of different colored ornaments and delicious candy cones.

Sarah's mother stayed up very late that night so she could speak to her husband about Sarah's wish. He came home very late and very tired. She fixed him a hot cup of coffee as she told him about her day.

"We had so much fun," she exclaimed. "Sarah even got a chance to talk to Santa!"

"She did," Sarah's father said

*(Continued on page 46)*



# MR. PULLEY

by Barbara A. Anderson & Pearl P. Matthews

Make Mr. Pulley for yourself or for your little sister or brother. Mr. Pulley makes a swell gift for birthdays and Christmas, too!

## You will need:

oatmeal (or cornmeal) box  
extra top from another oatmeal box  
scissors  
tempera paints  
paintbrushes  
paper fasteners  
long piece of string  
glue  
4 small potpie pans  
stapler  
newspaper





### How to make:

1. Paint the oatmeal box and the extra top. Let dry.
2. Lay the box on its side, and make a small hole in each side with your scissors. Also make a hole in the center of each pie pan. Put a paper fastener into one of the pie pans, and attach the pan to the side of the box. The pan should have its open end facing away from the box. Attach another pie pan onto the other side of the box the same way.
3. Take another pie pan and staple it to the one attached to the box, as shown in the photograph. Staple the other pie pan to the other side of the box. Now you have two big wheels.
4. Cut the extra box top into four equal parts. Each part should look like a triangle. Glue two of the pieces to the front of the box. These pieces will be Mr. Pulley's ears. Glue the third piece to the back of the box. This piece will be Mr. Pulley's tail. The last piece can be thrown away.
5. Paint on a cheerful funny face. Attach a paper fastener to the bottom of Mr. Pulley's face, and tie the string around it. (Helpful hint: always clean up after you've finished!)



*You'll be proud to give a friend or younger brother or sister a toy you made all by yourself!*

# FROM OUR READERS



Dear Ebony Jr!

We are a second grade class which comes to the Media Center on Mondays. We like your magazine. It is fun to read. We know how to take care of the Media Center books and magazines. In the Media Center we have a hanging Mystery Basket, and each week it has a record, book or filmstrip in it.

Manor View is a special school because we have all been all over the world since many of our fathers and mothers are in the service. Some of us have been born in Okinawa, Germany, Korea, Turkey, Morocco, Japan, and England. Others of us have traveled to many countries, including Guam, Korea, Germany, Spain, and Hawaii.

*Mrs. Kuykendall's Class  
Manor View Elementary  
Prince Georges, Missouri*



Dear Ebony Jr!

My name is Sarita Bogan, age 10, grade 5. My sister and I received your magazine from Miss Kaelin who teaches 6th grade at my school. She subscribes to this magazine for us as a Christmas gift every year. My baby sister Deidre is taking ballet lessons and I take piano lessons. We both enjoy working the puzzles and reading the stories. Keep up the good work.

*Sarita and Deidre Bogan, age 10 and 7  
Fayette, Mississippi*

Dear Ebony Jr!

My name is Tara Onyika Gonzalez and I am seven years old. I am in Standard Three and attend the San Fernando Girls Government School. I make "A"s in all my school subjects. My sweet daddy says that I could be anything I want to be. My daddy is the greatest man in the world. My sister and I love to read Ebony Jr! I cannot tell you how much I enjoy reading your magazine.

*Tara Gonzalez, age 7*

*San Fernando, Trinidad & Tobago  
West Indies*



Dear Ebony Jr!

My name is Marko Ragsdale and I live in Inglewood, California. I am 15 years old. My birthday was in June. I am attending Inglewood High School. I like reading Ebony Jr! too. You have great stories and puzzles. I hope your issues keep coming out. I played football as you see in the picture and I've gotten a first place trophy for my football team. I don't think I will be playing sports for a while though because of my automobile accident and my injured knee. Well thank you, Ebony Jr!

*Marko Ragsdale, age 15  
Inglewood, California*



Dear Ebony Jr!

My name is Angela Brown and I'm 12 years old. I'm in the sixth grade at St. Francis De Paula School. I really like your stories. They are nice. I like "The Boy Who Ate Too Much!," "Looking for Mr. Goodwrite," and "A Skateboard Champ Meets an Ethiopian Poetess." I really like Sunny and Honey! I am going to send my art gallery, too.

*Angela Brown, age 12  
Chicago, Illinois*

Dear Ebony Jr!

My name is Charlie Roy. I'm 13 years old and I'm in the 8th grade at Samuel H. Hariston School in Virginia. I like to play basketball and other sports, but my favorite hobbies are motorcycle riding, fishing and reading my Ebony Jr!

I really like the crossword puzzles in the Ebony Jr! and I like to read "Sunny and Honey." I also like to do your mystery picture and mazes. And last, but not least, I really enjoy your stories.

And to conclude, I am going to wish the Ebony Jr! staff a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

*Charlie Roy, age 13  
Spencer, Virginia*

# WRITING



## Caring

by Kimberly Weldon, age 11  
Los Angeles, California

Caring is loving someone,  
Caring is helping someone,  
Caring is sharing with someone,  
Caring is taking special care of someone,  
Caring is trying to stop a fight before  
someone gets hurt.



## Christmas

by Aubretta Williams, age 11  
Chicago, Illinois

Christmas is a time of joy,  
Christmas is a time for a toy,  
Christmas is fun we know,  
Christmas is a time for playing in the snow,  
Christmas is a time when  
I try to lift a big gift,  
Christmas is a time for giving and receiving,  
Christmas is almost here!



## WINTER TIME

by Velecia Hardy, age 11  
Atlanta, Georgia

It's time to put away the balls and bats,  
And take out our warm coat and hats.  
The trees are bare,  
But the sun's still there.  
It's just not as hot,  
And it's cold a lot.  
Sometimes it rains,  
Sometimes it sleets,  
And we wear our boots to cuddle our feet.  
Then comes the snow and Christmas too,  
With so many exciting things to do,  
Without a doubt, winter's here,  
My favorite season of the year!



# READERS

## Sam and Roz Are Coming to Town

by Luis Carrosquilla  
New York, New York

You better give up  
On Christmas this year  
You haven't a chance with relatives here.  
Sam and Roz are coming to town.  
You better not shout  
You better not pout  
They're staying ten days  
You thought it was one.  
Sam and Roz are coming to town.  
They'll monopolize your bathroom,  
They'll destroy your solitude,  
They'll eat you out of your house and home  
Then complain about the food.  
There's only one way to save your Noel  
You give 'em your house  
And you take a hotel.  
Sam and Roz are coming to town. Ho! Ho!

## The North Wind

by Thurman Williams  
Chicago, Illinois

The North Wind is me, I blow very hard.  
When I blow I don't feel good because I am  
making people cold. When summer comes  
to this side of town I have to leave. When it  
is summer here I will be blowing  
somewhere else. You can't see me because  
I'm invisible. But when winter comes to  
your town you will feel me. If you could see  
me I would be the color white. Sometimes I  
get so strong I turn into a tornado. When I  
am a tornado I can tear down houses and  
all kinds of buildings. I don't like being  
what I am. But this is my job. So if you ever  
want to feel cold air, call the North Wind.



## SNOW!!

by Cassandra Walker, age 9  
Chicago, Illinois

Snow makes me glad,  
Snow keeps me mad,  
Snow is so cold,  
Snow never gets old,  
I love to play  
But I want the snow to go away!

## Winter...

by Beth Phifer, age 12  
Highland Park, New Jersey

Winter is a time of year  
When snow and ice start to appear,  
Weather in the air starts to get cold,  
And flowers and trees start to get old.

*(Continued from page 39)*

grumpily. "And what does she want now! Whatever it is we can't afford it! What's the matter with you?" he asked as he noticed his wife in tears.

"All our daughter wants is for you to be home, and for us to be a family again. So she asked Santa if she could have *you* for Christmas!"

"I'm sorry," he said, holding his wife close. "I've been grumpy ever since this new job started, and I've hurt the two people I love most. But I might have to work Christmas Day, too!"

With that thought Sarah's mother cried even more.

"But I promise to be home early," he quickly exclaimed. But his wife didn't hear him, because she ran upstairs quickly and slammed the door. Sarah's father sat silently in the kitchen alone, and then went to bed himself.

Christmas Eve flew by quickly. Sarah had slept late, after thinking about Santa all night. Sarah and her mother spent most of the day cleaning the house, and by dinnertime Sarah was really excited about Christmas Day.

"Sarah," her mother began, "don't be too upset if Daddy can't be with us tomorrow, okay?"

"Oh, but he will Mama," Sarah exclaimed. "Santa promised!"

"But Santa might not be able to keep his promise this time, dear," she insisted.

"Yes he will, if I keep mine!" said Sarah. "And I can't tell you what it is!"

Sarah's parents were both asleep when she woke up later that night.

"Oooh, it's almost twelve," Sarah whispered. "I've got to hurry."

She slipped on her shoes and went downstairs. She poured some milk and got some homemade cookies, and sleepily went to sit under the tree.

Then all of a sudden she was awakened by a noise. She wasn't fully awake so it looked like a dream. But there he was, her Santa from the store! He was going back up the chimney, and

her cookies and milk were gone. Sarah smiled and fell back asleep.

The next morning everyone was up early and ready to unwrap gifts. But when Sarah's parents came downstairs, they found her asleep in the chair.

"Wake up honey," her father whispered.

"Daddy, Daddy," she woke up saying. "You're home!"

"Yes dear, but I can't stay long," he said.

"Yes you can, Daddy," Sarah said excitedly. "He promised!"

Just then the phone rang, and her father went to answer it. He didn't talk much, he just kept saying, "Yes sir."

"What's the matter, dear?" his wife asked.

"Nothing. Sarah, who promised you?" he asked.

"Santa did, Daddy. He told me you would be able to spend Christmas with us, and you wouldn't have to work late anymore if I promised to leave him some milk and cookies."

"But there's no such thing as Santa Claus!" her father exclaimed.

"Yes there is!" Sarah said. "I saw him last night and he ate my cookies and milk." She pointed to the empty glass and plate.

"What did your boss say?" her mother asked.

"Well," Sarah's father began, "I've got today and tomorrow off, and I don't have to work late anymore because the project is finished!"

"See, I told ya," Sarah laughed. And they all hugged each other and started to open their gifts. Then Sarah's mother noticed a very pretty doll.

"Sarah, this has your name on it!" her mother said. "Is it from you?" she asked her husband.

"Oh no, that's from Santa," said Sarah. "That's my extra special gift!"

"Oh," said her parents. "Then that's a very special gift."

"Yeah," sighed Sarah. "But you being home is the best gift of all!"

# ANSWERS

## DAZE-A-HEAD p. 4

A Long Sleep: December 31.

Christmas Craze: A Christmuss.

Changing "Snows" to "Brown": snows, slows, blows, blown, brown.

## UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE CROSSWORD PUZZLE p. 5

### Across

- |            |            |
|------------|------------|
| 1. necktie | 17. coat   |
| 5. bat     | 19. dollar |
| 7. carry   | 20. hat    |
| 8. rug     | 22. rope   |
| 10. st.    | 24. jam    |
| 12. lamp   | 25. art    |
| 14. book   | 26. pen    |
| 16. park   |            |

### Down

- |             |            |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. necklace | 11. top    |
| 2. car      | 13. potato |
| 3. toys     | 15. ok     |
| 4. ear      | 18. train  |
| 5. bag      | 19. deer   |
| 6. truck    | 21. arm    |
| 9. umbrella | 23. pa     |

## PHONICS WITH THE LOONICANS p. 18

The holidays on page 18 are: 1. Independence Day, 2. Christmas, 3. Thanksgiving, 4. Easter, 5. Valentine's Day, 6. New Year's Day, 7. Labor Day, 8. Columbus Day, 9. Memorial Day, 10. Halloween.

## METRIC MADNESS p. 28

### Hidden Object

- egg nog  
turkey  
candy canes  
fruitcake

### Metric Measurement

- liters  
grams  
grams  
grams

### Hidden Object

- cookies  
stocking  
candles  
Santa Claus

### Metric Measurement

- grams  
meters  
meters  
grams (weight), meters (height)

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Verlisia Benjamin



Sonia Reed, age 10



Kenneth Love



Joycelyn Waithe, age 13



Brarailty Dowdell, age 6



Dawn Brooks